

PRETTIEST WHEN SHE FOURS.

She's a cherub, if there ever was an angel without wings. Take counting, charming, chatty Coz. Just out of leading strings. She's a luscious as a ripened pear. All ready for the world to see. She's always handsome, but I'll swear she's prettiest when she pouts.

Her nether lip, so tempting them, I press in token mute. That I will challenge all the men Who dare her will dispute. Her heart is touched at my concern For woman's whims and doubts, And though her cheeks with blushes burn, she's prettiest when she pouts.

Oh, little Coz, you can't know The mischief that's been played Within my breast, but I'll tell you Of what I've resolved to do. I'm hooked and hooked around the score Of love-stick, silly little Coz, who every grace and fresh adorn, And care where'er she pouts.

(Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.)
META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Deltch Frank.

CHAPTER XIII.

The lady in black had arrived at Woodruff Hall and was waiting for its mistress in the library. When Lina entered the room she rose and bowed in a reserved manner.

"May I ask the nature of your visit here?" asked Lina.

"A servant of yours arrived at the house of a Mrs. Harris to-day, where I was visiting, and hearing her speak of wanting a nurse for your husband, I thought I would apply for the situation, as I am in need of such."

"Can you give references?"

"As many as you want."

"Have you been used to nursing gentlemen?"

"I would rather nurse him—I mean a gentleman than a lady."

"And what do you charge per week?"

"Whatever you think is right."

"Will ten dollars satisfy you?"

"Indeed, you are very kind, for that is more than I expected."

"Your name, please?"

"Madam Reek is my name."

"Then, madam, would you care to enter upon your task at once, as I have company, and must of course entertain him?"

"I will do so willingly, as I will be much happier than sitting idle."

"After removing her bonnet and veil she followed Lina up the stairs and into her bedroom. Mr. Woodruff was sitting in an invalid's chair in front of the grate, as it was a very cold day. Lina introduced him to Madam Reek, then kissed him affectionately on the forehead and left the room, promising to return soon with a change of linen."

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" asked Madam Reek.

"Nothing now. All I want is rest, and you look as if you needed the same."

"I am not tired in the least, so do not hesitate to ask me to do anything."

"How did you happen to arrive here so soon?"

"I was at the house of Mrs. Harris when your servant arrived."

"And did you see my Meta, my darling child?"

"Yes, she wanted to come home."

"I would to God she had; yet it is best as it is."

"She loves you very much, and is very unhappy away from you."

"If I could prevail on her I would not allow her to remain away from me another hour."

"Have you been ill long, sir?"

"It seems a long while to me, but it is only since I returned from my niece's wedding. I tumbled down, now, I am very weak," he said, in a feeble voice.

"Lean on my shoulder, I am strong," urged the fair nurse.

He did lean on her shoulder, and it was all the little woman in black could do to bear up under the weight. She smoothed his pillow, gave him some wine and then bade him try to sleep. But the entrance of Lina and Arthur put an end to that for awhile.

Mr. Woodruff and Arthur were glad to meet again. When Arthur inquired after his health Lina turned away from the bed and went to the window. Madam Reek noticed this, and she noticed the deathly pallor of her face. What could it mean? Perhaps she thought her husband was going to die. If so, they must send for a physician immediately. And when Arthur spoke of this to Mr. Woodruff, he said:

"Can't be possible, sir, that you have had no medical advice?"

"My wife did not think it necessary, nor did I."

"Then, sir, I will tell you that from all appearances your case needs immediate attention, and unless you are willing to call in a physician, I must resign my position as nurse."

"How familiar your voice sounds, Madam. I will not allow you to leave me; but do as you think best. Send a telegram to New York for one in the morning."

"I will do so yet tonight, if you think it necessary," said Arthur.

"A few hours later can make no difference; besides you must be tired after your ride."

"Not the least bit; and if you will allow me, I will remain with you to-night."

"It is not necessary, Arthur, as I will be with him, and Madam Reek will be within hearing," interrupted Lina.

"I assure you, Lina, Madam Reek would like to have rest, this first night," said Mr. Woodruff.

"No, no, sir; I came here to nurse you back to health. I am strong and mean to do my duty."

The bell rang and Lina and Arthur went down to tea alone. Madam Reek refusing to leave her charge. Lina was once more happy, having her lover with her. The evening passed pleasantly by to both of them, while up stairs, sleeping a restless, feverish sleep, tossing from side to side and moaning, lay this wicked woman's husband, who, from the strong arm of a few short weeks before, had faded away until he was a shadow of his former self.

Beside his bed sat the little woman in black, who leaned lovingly over his pillow, wiped the tears from her eyes and replaced the ugly blue goggles. Once he opened his eyes and called his daughter, but closed them again, heaving a deep sigh of disappointment. He was once more asleep when Lina entered the room. Bidding Madam Reek lie down in the next room, she donned a thick wrapper and lay down beside her husband. When he awoke and called for water, it was Lina's willing hands that gave it to him.

"This surely can not be fresh water, as it has a very peculiar taste."

"Jack just brought it up. It is your imagination, yet, if you wish, I will ring for more."

"I would not think of troubling you so much, dear wife. I am a little afraid, Lina, that I will not be with you long."

"Do not talk so, Olive, you make me nervous."

"Nevertheless I do, and I should like so

much to have Meta with me the short time that I am here."

"You know that is impossible."

"Why should it be, Lina? She is my own child; I love her very much. Surely you might try to get along with her a little while for my sake."

"Olive, you can take your choice between us, either she or I must leave you."

"It is hard to do without her, but perhaps she is better off where she is."

Poor man, he now sees the great mistake he made in marrying Lina Mason. His home is a desolate one, made more so by the absence of the child in whom his whole life happiness was centered; watched, because his wife is not the gentle, loving woman he thought her. Yet he thinks she loves him, and for that reason, and on account of the disgrace that would follow her departure from her home, he concluded to die, if necessary, without seeing Meta. Next morning Mr. Woodruff was much worse; he was not able to leave his bed, but lay in an almost unconscious condition.

Madam Reek watched over him with more care than any nurse usually does, never leaving his bedside except to go to her meals, leaving Lina and Arthur with him until she returned.

About noon Dr. Thornton arrived, a noted physician of New York, for whom Arthur had telegraphed the morning before. He examined Mr. Woodruff's pulse and seemed greatly alarmed at his condition. Going into this next room and calling Madam Reek, he told her that which he feared.

"Oh, sir, do you think he will die?" she exclaimed.

"I am not sure, but the case does not look very favorable now."

"What is the matter with him?"

"That is where I am puzzled myself, unless he has been using opiates too freely."

"That could not be, Doctor, he has never used any."

"Then you have known him sometime?" interrupted Dr. Thornton.

"Yes, or rather his daughter; and she talked a great deal of her father."

Where is she, that she is not with him now?"

"She and her step-mother could not agree, consequently she is compelled to remain away from home. But come, Doctor, do all in your power to save him, and I will aid you."

"They are a brave nurse. I wish we had more like you in this world."

He returned to the sick-chamber, where they found Lina trying to revive her husband with some wine; but as they entered she left the room, taking the glass containing it with her. Why did she do this? Was she afraid that some one might taste it? Even if they did what difference could that make?

After leaving some medicine Dr. Thornton went away, promising to return early the next morning. That night Arthur and Madam Reek sat up with the sick man, who seemed to be sinking rapidly. Lina, resting in the next room, listened to every word that was uttered, jealous of the little woman in black. Those whose thoughts and hearts are black are always under the impression that every one else is like themselves. She would not have thought that Madam Reek could have read her aching heart and seen the unshed tears in her eyes, hidden from the light by those hideous glasses. Even though Madam Reek said she was strong and healthy, she was very nervous and strong, healthy people scarcely know what nerves are.

Arthur Braden's eyes often rested upon her with a steady, searching gaze, and he insisted upon her lying down to rest, but she would not, saying she only lived to do her duty, and that now was to nurse and care for Mr. Woodruff. She did never leaving him for one moment, bathing his feverish temples and hands and moistening his parched lips.

Arthur noticed how gently she moved about, not making the least noise, and how she turned and smoothed the bed pillows. All through the long night Mr. Woodruff was unconscious, and morning found him no better.

"Madam Reek, I must insist upon your lying down for an hour at least. At the end of that time I will call on you," said Arthur.

"If I am tired I am not conscious of it."

"But you must remember you are working against the laws of nature. We can not spare you now, but you will be compelled to rest after this."

"When I know that he is better I will do as you ask, but not before. God will give me strength to bear up."

It was Christmas morning. The snow was deep on the ground, and the wind blew it in great drifts in every direction. Everything was quiet at Woodruff Hall for the master lay at death's door. At Arthur's request, Lina had consented to let him write to Meta.

"I will tell her all about his condition, and if she has the least particle of love or respect for him she will come home immediately," Arthur said, as he and Lina were sitting alone at the breakfast table.

"You may write, but I doubt if she will come, or even answer your letter."

Arthur wrote to Meta, but the letter was not destined to reach the one to whom it was written, for it never left Woodruff Hall. It was destroyed; by whom it is unnecessary to say, as my readers can easily guess.

Day after day passed by, and Mr. Woodruff lingered between life and death; but his daughter did not come to him, and Arthur was right in his counsel, a brother physician. Accordingly, without saying anything to Lina, he dispatched for one, and the next morning Dr. Boaz arrived, and after examining the case, adjourned to the next room with Dr. Thornton.

"It is a very strange case, one that would baffle all human knowledge, unless the man had been poisoned," said Dr. Boaz.

"I believe that is exactly the case, and unless something is done for him to counteract the effects of it he will not last but for a few hours."

Do he and his wife live happily together?"

"That I do not know, as he has been unconscious most of the time since I came. I am sure Madam Reek could enlighten you on this subject."

"Call her, by all means. Madam Reek, do you know whether Mr. Woodruff and his wife are happy together or not?" Doctor Boaz asked, as the lady in black entered the room.

"As far as I know, yes. May I ask why you want to know this?"

"I suppose I may as well tell you; in fact, I don't know but that it is necessary. It is our opinion that Mr. Woodruff has been poisoned."

"Oh, sir! will he die?" she exclaimed.

"I hope not. I was going to say that the poison must have been administered by an experienced hand, as it has been given in small doses so as to avoid the suspicion of poisoning. It is a large enough to cause immediate death."

"You mean, Doctor, that small doses were given him so as to cause a long, lingering illness before death?" said Madam Reek.

"Exactly so. But who could have committed such a crime? Who is the guilty party?"

"Could she have done it?" she muttered to herself. "Gentlemen, if you save him from the death which seems

to be waiting for him, I will find the perpetrator of this foul crime and turn them over to justice."

"Madam Reek, you speak as though you knew who did it," Dr. Thornton said.

"I do know—I mean I think I have a clue to the would-be-murderer. Gentlemen, have as little to say to me as possible, but give special orders to me before Mrs. Woodruff is taken to all the medicine."

"I will do as you say, Madam. Let us now return to him," said Dr. Boaz.

"Before you go, tell me that you can and will save him."

"I can only say that we will do all in our power to save him. You seem to take more than the usual amount of interest in your charge."

"I do not deny that, Doctor, and some day I may tell you the reason why."

All three returned to the sick chamber, where Arthur and Lina were conversing in a low tone. Madam Reek noticed this, so did both physicians, and gave each other a knowing look. Why did they do this? Was it not right that they should talk in a low tone? Had not the physician come to the conclusion that Mr. Woodruff had been poisoned, they would not have noticed this; but they were now going to search in secret for the one who had administered it. Consequently, everything and every person must be watched. Both doctors remained over night, and only one—Dr. Boaz—returned to New York the next day.

(CONTINUED TO-MORROW.)

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

A Letter From Hon. Bell Sutton From the Far South.

Montgomery, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palatka—The Soil of Florida—Gainesville, Etc.

(Special Letter to the Sentinel.)

GAINESVILLE, Fla., Jan. 12.—Thousands of Northern visitors are now in Florida. Thousands more are on the way, and many more who are at home ought to be here. There are no good reasons why parties who are able to spare the time and are possessed of the necessary amount of wealth should not spend a few months during the winter season enjoying the delights of this tropical climate. Florida and St. Augustine, through the extensive advertising they have received, are now almost everywhere favorably known as winter resorts, and while those up North are confined to heated rooms and hot chambers, hovering around the fires to keep warm, we are down here amidst the flowers and the evergreens, free from snow, ice, and the chilly blasts of more northern latitudes, watching the oranges grow, the flowers bloom, and listening to the singing of the sweet birds. It is a great undertaking, and requires but a few hours' travel to reach this winter paradise. The expenses requisite have also been greatly reduced during the last few years. Leaving Louisville via the Louisville and Nashville Railroad about noon, you are rapidly carried along through a fertile and rich portion of Central Kentucky; passing through a number of fine, enterprising towns, you reach Nashville, the Capital of Tennessee. This city during the last ten years has made rapid improvement, and is coming to the front at a lively rate. For the next 100 miles the soil is not so fertile, being of the red clay character. At Decatur, Ala., the Tennessee River is crossed, and shortly you enter and wind through the mountains, stopping for a few minutes at Birmingham, the city of the South. This place has grown during the last few years from a small village of a few hundred to a city of more than 20,000 inhabitants. Numerous rolling mills and iron blast furnaces have been erected, and others are in course of construction. Ninety miles farther and the celebrated city of

MONTGOMERY

is reached. This is the capital of the State and is one of the finest cities in the South. It too is building up rapidly. The Capital building stands upon a high hill, upon the east side of the city, at the end of the principal street. In this building is where the Confederate Congress met, and in the office of the State Treasurer may be seen the Bible which was used by Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States.

The soil and climate of this section of the State are excellent. Wheat, corn, cotton and rice are all raised here. Good land can be bought at from \$5 to \$20 per acre. From here there are two routes to Florida. You can go on to Pensacola by the Gulf and W. Railroad, and there take the P. and A. Railroad to Tallahassee or Thomasville, or take the Florida line, over the Central Railroad of Georgia. The latter is the most direct and popular route, making close connection at Albany, Ga., with the Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad, an important trunk line, leading to all the principal cities and towns in Florida and South Georgia. Thus far you have traveled about 100 miles, and without change of cars and over but three lines of railroads, all of which are steel rail, well equipped, well managed, always on time, and with the clearest conductors to be found in the United States. I make it convenient to stop a few days in

THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA.

This is a place of about 3,000 inhabitants, twelve miles from the Florida line and forty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. It is nicely situated on a high sandy ridge, some 500 feet above the level of the sea, with dense pine forests surrounding it on every side. It is certainly a healthy location and entitled to all the reputation it has acquired upon that subject. It is by no means an agricultural section, yet the people make considerable money farming, raising cotton, etc. But the people are the cleverest in the world; they make you at once feel at home, they look after your comforts, and will go very far to accommodate you. At present there are probably one thousand Eastern, Western and Northern parties stopping here at the various hotels and boarding houses. About one year ago the Mitchell House, a nicely located hotel of 200 rooms or more, was burned. This is now being rapidly rebuilt. The Pine Woods Hotel, of 150 rooms, was opened only a few days since, and is doing an immense business. The city is now in good shape to entertain all those who desire to stop. Everybody who goes to Florida, of course, takes in

JACKSONVILLE.

This is the largest city in the State, having a population of about ten thousand, but by no means the prettiest or neatest. In fact, it is quite a dirty place, full of mud, fog, and malaria, and by no means healthy. It is a city of hotels and boarding-houses, where they require you to pay enormous prices for very ordinary accommodations. The visitor

should make his stay here as short as possible, and by no means avoid stopping at the Carlton Hotel, profiting by my advice, in this particular, without costing him near so much as it did myself to find it out.

From here to

ST. AUGUSTINE

is but thirty-five miles, through a barren, sandy region, interspersed with small pine and scrub plantations. This section is very poor, and many years ago, before it is settled up. Speaking of poor land and barren soil reminds me of a short trip across country made by myself in company with several gentlemen, not long since. We all occupied the same carriage, and had upon probably fifteen or twenty miles without passing a house or seeing a human being—nothing but sand and pine trees were in view. At last we came upon a little pine log house of one room; a little old man, half dried up, sat smoking his pipe on the shady side of the hut. Colonel Mc., one of our party, addressed him about as follows: "Well, old man, you live here all alone, I see. You're a good distance from any neighbors, too, I should judge. Why, we've been riding here for four or five hours, haven't seen a soul but you, and the most miserable house I ever saw, nothing but sand and pine, and—"

"Stop, stop," said the old man, shaking his fist, in which was clutched his dirty old pipe, at the Colonel. "I may live here all alone, and have to live most of the time with my neighbors, and I mean enough to own any such neighbor bums as these."

It took the Colonel some time to tone the old man down, but we finally left him in a good humor. This will give you an idea of the quality of the soil and the kind of land they have in some sections of the South.

St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States. Its narrow streets give it the appearance of a Spanish town centuries old. It has about 2,000 inhabitants, and some very fine buildings, including four very large and commodious hotels. The Mammoth Hotel, just being completed, will contain 400 rooms. It is five stories high, has a front of 500 feet, and two eels of 300 feet each. It is a monster building, and will cost \$1,000,000. This is one of the grandest sight-seeing cities in the United States. The old Catholic Cathedral, in which the first religious services ever held in America, is still here and in very good repair. Fort Marion, built more than two centuries ago, is in good shape and is a great object of interest to the visitor. The Spanish monument and the Confederate monument are both splendid specimens of workmanship. They stand near the center of the Public Plaza, and but a short distance from the old market hall, where negroes were sold before the war. No one coming to Florida should fail to visit St. Augustine, as here is where he will see more to interest him and to remember than any other city of the South. From here it is only forty miles to

PALATKA.

a beautiful little city of near 3,000 inhabitants. The people are thrifty, wide-awake and enterprising. It is seventy-five miles south of Jacksonville, on the west bank of the St. John's River, and is the largest and most important place on a sea going south after leaving Jacksonville. The streets are shaded by wild orange trees, at this time loaded with their rich, green fruit and giving a beautiful appearance to the place. From here you can go by an Ocala and Palatka line to St. Augustine, the head of that river. This spring is one of the earliest wonders of the State. Its waters are from sixty to ninety feet deep and so transparent that the glistering sand on the bottom looks as if but a few feet above the surface. Taking a small boat and going out upon the spring, great will can be seen from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, to which no bottom has ever been found. Fish of several varieties, some of them weighing probably ten or twelve pounds, can be seen in almost every part of the spring, owing to the clearness of the water. Small snappers run up the river to this point, turn around in the spring and return to Palatka.

A few words about the

SOIL OF FLORIDA

may not be amiss. There is no good soil in Florida. Not an acre that is suitable for raising grain or such products as are raised in the North. It is all sand, here light sand and dark sand, white sand and black sand. Whenever you go you are trampolining in sand from three to ten inches deep. Pine trees of all sizes, from shrubs to large monsters, stand thick and close together.

This soil is just the thing, however, for the raising of tropical fruits. Every known fruit raised in any warm climate can be seen growing here. The orange, lemon, citron, banana, cocconut, guava, shaddock, pineapple, mango, pear, pinto, peach, egg, lime and the grape fruit, a crop of figs, the lemon and the orange, all grow here in abundance. An orange grove will begin to yield fruit when properly fertilized and worked in four or five years, and in double that time the possessor of a good grove of 1,000 trees has a bonanza.

OKLAHOMA.

This is quite an old town, and is in a very fertile section of the State. It has a population of about 3,000, and possesses some very fine business and residence buildings. Two railroads pass through it, and recently it has improved very much by the coming of the Northern Orange culture. It is carried on here very extensively, and as the result the people have plenty of money and are prosperous. Near here is Newman's Lake, a great fishing resort, where thousands of bass and other fine fish are readily caught. I will write you more extensively about this place in the future. I may also have something more to say about raising oranges if you think it would interest your readers.

B. S. SURON.

Milking the Cows.

(Lows Homestead.)

Singular, isn't it, that this, the first employment of man, should be looked upon by some men as degrading? None, though, except foreigners and Southerners, I believe, are so highly excited. I had a faithful Swede once, whom I persuaded to learn to milk; but he was very cautious not to let any of his countrymen see him disgracing himself.

If there is "but one right way to do anything," to sit down upon a stool, place the pail between your knees and drain the udder with both hands as soon as possible, seems to be that one way to milk. And it seems as awkward to me to see a Westerner squat down on his haunches and milk with one hand and a cup set in the case of the natives of India, who always carry burdens on their heads; who, when a railroad contractor furnished them wheelbarrows, to find them carrying dirt in them on their heads.

For a man to make the practice and a good "grip" to milk ten cows per hour is but a reasonable task. This seems to be some obstacle in the way of dairying in the Southern States—the negroes and other natives can't be utilized as milkers, and the jealousy of the cotton pickers is really excited at his Yankee innovation.

Really, the greatest nuisance connected with milking is being pestered in fly-time,

since the milker can not set a good example for the cow nor improve his own temper. I have, during my long and eventful career, had great success in my determination to find some "remedy for every difficulty," until the question of flies and cows' tails came up for a solution. Here my ingenuity and generalship are, in part, failures. To hold the tail of the cow I am milking between the pail and my knee is an easy matter, except in one case, where the cow left one tail just the right length to batter my sensitive nose and switch the tears out of my defenseless eyes. Here my "remedies" are all at fault. Also, when milking in the stable, the cow behind me seems to have a determination to demonstrate that her tail is the nearest thing to a perpetual motion, and the fact that she works my nervous sensibilities up to the highest pitch of torture often seems to add to her enjoyment. If any apocryphal reader can send in a successful antidote for these exasperating afflictions he shall have a monument of lasting gratitude erected to his memory.

Making a Straw Stack.

(American Agriculturist.)

Barley oats and pea straw is so frequently so much broken up by the machine that it packs closely and occupies far less space than rye and wheat straw. Of wheat and rye straw it will require about 1,000 cubic feet of stack room to hold a ton, and a yield of twenty-five bushels per acre may give you a ton of straw. Occasionally a heavy crop of wheat will give 100 pounds of straw to each bushel of wheat. When wheat, rye, barley and oat straw are stacked together in anything like equal proportions we shall not be far wrong in estimating, on the average, half a ton of straw to a cubic foot of space, but in such a case 800 cubic feet of space will be sufficient per ton. In other words, a stack eleven and a half feet in diameter will hold about an acre to each four feet in height. One third of a stack in diameter will hold an acre to each four feet in height; one sixteenth of a stack in diameter will hold an acre to each two feet in height; one twenty feet in diameter will hold about an acre to each one and a half feet in height, and one twenty-three feet in diameter will hold one and a half tons to each foot in height. A stack thirty-three feet in diameter will hold one ton of straw to each foot in height; one forty feet will hold one and a half tons to each foot in height. When you have decided how large a stack to make place a fork in the center. Tie a string to it, and if the stack is to be forty feet in diameter, tie a knot in the string twenty feet from the fork, and hold it in your left hand. Spread out the straw on the bottom of the stack a little farther than ought to be, and then pass around the stack and push in the straw with the feet, until the circumference is twenty feet from the center. It is little work, and is far better than trusting to the eye.

In building the stack the main point is to keep the straw full and well packed down. The chaff and the straw that is broken up into small lengths is more compact than the long straw, and should be kept in the middle of the stack. Place the long straw on the outside of the stack and also bind it with long straw. It is rather tedious, but it is the only way to make the stack so tight that it will hold its shape for a long time. The higher it is the more it will settle, and the better it will shed the rain. This is particularly important after you commence to build the top.

Gum arabic, a half ounce, powdered gum tragacanth, a half ounce, add cold water, mixed together, will for a paste by which paper may be firmly fastened to wood.

The Revolution

In medical practice, which has taken place within the past thirty years, has been very marked. When Boettcher's stomach Ditters first made their appearance, violent purgation, the lancet and narcotics were measures resorted to with little regard to the idiosyncrasies of the sick. Now infinitely more satisfactory results are accomplished with the Bitters. The constipated are no longer dosed and drenched, the fever stricken are not weakened by bleeding, and sedatives have taken the place of opium. Dyspepsia, nervousness, indigestion, irregularity of the bowels, rheumatism, and children and fever are successfully treated with this popular tonic and regulator. As a medicated stimulant, it is professionally commended, and is preferable as a means of renewing exhausted energy, to the average tonic. These statements rest upon ample experience.

German Rice-Waffles.—Roll a half pound of rice in milk until it becomes thoroughly soft. Then remove it from the fire, stirring it constantly and adding